# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
*Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
*Associate Editors*

## The Church and War Resistance
*By Edmund B. Chaffee*

Tenko Nishida and *Ittoen* (Concluded) *C. B. Olds*

In the Gold Mine of Marikuppam . . . . *H.*

Book Reviews - *John Haynes Holmes - Nicholas Lentz - W. Waldemar W. Argow*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Pacifism in Czecho-Slovakia

By Premysl Pitter, Prague, Member of the International Council of the War Resisters' International

The countries constituting our new republic—being chiefly Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia—had been centuries under foreign rule and in 1918, reached a long longed for freedom and a degree of political independence that no one had ever dared to dream of. This it is necessary to keep in mind when trying to understand the present attitude of the Czecho-Slovakian people. It is fundamentally different from that of an Englishman or Frenchman who stands firmly on an old tradition of independence; it is a juvenile patriotism anxious not to lose the power and authority suddenly reached after a long trusteeship. In this respect Czecho-Slovakia is in a position similar to that of Poland and Jugo-Slavia, and like them, it still pays by adherence to French politics for the freedom won with the aid of France.

But Czecho-Slovakia was happy in having as first leaders of its new destiny two men of fine character, the president Masaryk and the Foreign Minister Beneš, who by their example of liberality have done much towards keeping the young republic free from violent extremes such as are usual in other central-European countries. Nationalistic feelings are less accentuated, persecution of Jews unknown, Communists exist as a legal party. Although the idea of democracy is also threatened by the fact that its representatives rely upon force to defend it, the general situation is still much better than in other nearby countries such as Germany, Poland, Hungary, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia.

Anxiety in keeping up a political independence rewon after long hardships and struggles, and fear of possible attacks by extreme elements inside the country—be it from left or right—have led to the creation of a strong system of military defense. It includes compulsory military training—conscription just as under old Austria, and a special "Law for the protection of the Republic" that punishes severely any attacks against the integrity of the State or against its defensive organ, the army.

This makes it exceedingly difficult to spread absolute pacifism. Any organized body working openly on these lines would instantly be stopped, just as our national "Movement for Christian Communism" was officially dissolved because it was proved that imprisoned war resisters were connected with it. Freedom of speech and press are infringed. Every public meeting has to be announced to the police and is watched by one of its commissaries who is entitled to stop a speaker (and if need to dissolve the meeting), who would make direct propaganda for war resistance. The police also censor periodicals, leaflets and booklets before

(*Continued on page 275*)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CXI MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1933 Number 17

### AMERICA

**"Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough these hardy millions of Anglo-Saxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and with axe and plough and hammer, if not yet with any much finer implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seedfields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world, doing in their day and generation a creditable and cheerful thing under the sun. But as to a model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said. . . . No, America too will have to strain its energies in quite other fashion than this, to crack its sinews and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in a thousand-fold wrestle with the pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is still to fight."**

*Thomas Carlyle,* in "The Present Time," 1850.

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Beginning with our next issue (July 10th), UNITY will go on its regular fortnightly schedule for the summer months. This schedule was established some years ago, and is now being continued, for reasons of economy. What was originally a precedent in our case has now been widely followed by many of our leading weekly publications which are feeling, as we are feeling, the strain of the depression. It is hoped, but is not altogether certain, that our regular weekly schedule will be resumed with the first issue in October. Friends can help us by sending in new subscriptions, contributing gifts and donations, and adding to our endowment funds. Such help is needed, and solicited.

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We believe that Roosevelt's Industrial Control Bill is something very like an epoch-making piece of legislation. Of course, as the *Nation* reminds us, it is only "a promising first step . . . no more than that." But a first step is always momentous, as every baby has found out. Also, it must be conceded that it is a first step into nothing better than State Capitalism. But such a step is a step *away* from private Capitalism and a step *toward* Socialism. It is this which makes the Bill so important as an episode of contemporary history. It means that the era of *laisses-faire,* of uncontrolled competition in industry, is gone in this country for good and all; and that a new era of planned economy, of directed cooperation, is come. This, in our opinion, is something worth talking about. It is likely to mark Franklin D. Roosevelt's place in history through long years to come. It seems amazing, when one stops to think of it, that legislation of this character should really be possible in America. Imagine anything of the sort being considered, much less enacted as law, in the days of Calvin Coolidge when everything was for the best in the best of all possible nations! The one demand at that time was that business should be left alone, to follow its own triumphant courses. But now something has happened. Look where business has taken us! The public mind in America, formerly complacent, confident, self-satisfied, is today both confused and frightened. Like a man desperately ill, it is not only ready but eager for desperate remedies. Hence a complete right-about-face in public policy in this country! What we have here is a superb illustration of how great changes are wrought in a democracy such as ours. First, there must be a concatenation of circumstances—a working of impersonal political and economic forces; then, there must be leadership, bold, creative, determined; lastly, there must be mass opinion to sustain this leadership. We have all these factors now, and the result is progress.

---

Score another victory for the League of Nations! We refer of course to the announcement of Friedrich von Keller, spokesman for the Reich, at Geneva, that Germany will restore Jews in upper Silesia to positions lost since the beginning of the Hitler terror. It will be remembered that this question of Jews in Silesia was brought to the attention of the League by the famous appeal of Franz Bernheim that the Nazi persecutions were a violation of the Polish-German minorities convention which the League was solemnly bound to pro-

tect and guarantee. To the surprise of everybody, especially the Hitler government, the League of Nations took this Bernheim petition seriously, and proceeded to press it vigorously. Now comes the backdown of Germany, on the specious plea that, "if any infractions of the Polish-German convention had taken place, it was because local authorities did not understand the situation." This is a League triumph of impressive magnitude—so impressive that, with all due credit to the League, we believe it could not have been achieved without the support of that great wave of public sentiment which arose, as though beneath the lash of hurricane, in the early days of Hitler's outrages upon the German Jews. What we see, in the light of this amazing surrender of the Nazis to the aroused conscience of mankind, is the effectiveness of those protest meetings, and parades, resolutions and addresses, which swept England and America and other countries when the first horrid tales came from across the German border. There were those, even among the Jews, who sought to keep silence at that dread time. They were for lying low, and letting the storm of persecution blow itself out. But fortunately better and braver counsels prevailed. Jews and Gentiles alike lifted their cries of grief and indignation. Humanity spoke, and Germany heard! And Germany heard because there was an instrument at hand to make eloquently vocal and practically effective this outraged sentiment of the race. It is just here that the League of Nations has a function of supreme efficacy and beneficence. In this case the Geneva body fulfiled its function, and therewith served mankind, and incidentally glorified itself. We count this a great event in man's slow progress toward brotherhood and peace.

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The Tom Mooney case continues to be the wonder and dismay of the world. The latest attempt to secure the release of this California prisoner has failed like all the rest, and the tragedy moves on into another act. The reason of failure in this case is well-known—the determination of California public opinion, or the influential section thereof, to keep Mooney where he is, and where it thinks he ought to be, regardless of the question of his innocence in the matter of the famous bomb explosion.. What is not so well-known, we feel, is the intensification of this determination during this present period of the depression. More than ever, with unemployed and starving people all about, and the Communists dangerously active, do the Californians think it a good thing to have Tom Mooney behind the bars. This fact has its good as well as its bad side. When the depression is lifted, it may well be that the relaxation of public tension will result in an indifference toward Mooney, and a willingness to release him for the sake of getting rid of him. The extent to which Mooney is a "nuisance" in California, an occasion of irritation and disturbance, cannot be exaggerated. But meanwhile, in this present at least, the "set" of things is against him. Tom Mooney himself remains undaunted and courageous. We saw him on our recent visit to San Francisco, and were amazed by his spirit of cheer and determination. This man has known seventeen unbroken years of frustration, but he is not beaten. Friends of his cause outside the prison may well take example of his patience and persistence inside the prison. *He* is carrying on—and we must do the same. This case, like all cases of injustice, will not be settled until it is settled right. But this settlement, in all decency, must come before the last remnant of Mooney's life has been taken from him.

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In view of a recent much-discussed event, we propose to say a word in this place about the Roosevelt family, and make this the last word upon the subject. The event referred to is of course the divorce of the President's youthful son. When a companion of Mrs. Roosevelt, on her visit to Los Angeles to see her son, asked the newspaper men not to question her about the matter, "as she was feeling very badly over it," we feel she was making a request which every gentleman would naturally respect, and which in itself therefore should never have had to be made. This unhappy divorce proceeding is an affair which should never have found its way into the public prints at all, except as a mere statement, or announcement, of facts. The exploitation of the matter, especially the surmises as to remarriage, are in accordance with the worst and not the best standards of American journalism. But if this had to occur, we feel that the Roosevelt family, and not merely the newspapers, are primarily to blame. For we can recall the family of no public man in our time which has so persistently sought publicity as the family of the President. Other presidents have had attractive families, but these families were never photographed and publicized on the scale of the Roosevelt family since election day. Group pictures of the domestic circle have become almost a drug on the market! Mrs. Roosevelt has herself courted publicity to an extent hitherto unknown in the case of "the first lady of the land." The newspaper, the radio, the movie, the talkie, all have been utilized by her in a way unthinkable in the case of such tactful and gracious women as Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. When, for sheer decency's sake, the President's wife had to retire from radio broadcasting, her place was promptly taken by her daughter-in-law, and she resorted to newspaper interviews and after-dinner speeches. Even the President's aged mother could not be spared, but was pressed into the business of writing a book. It is an amazing story, when one comes to think of it. And now comes a sort of punishment in the scandalous ex-

ploitation of the divorce tragedy. If the Roosevelts are helpless in being denied all protection from publicity in this matter, is it not at least partly because they have taught the newspapers to believe they *want* publicity? To say this is not pleasant. Having said it, we shall say no more. Mrs. Roosevelt and her family are entitled to privacy, and will be granted it in these columns.

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Bertrand Russell, in his inscrutable wisdom, has said an interesting thing among many other interesting things. It is as follows:

*Children should not be forbidden to swear—not because it is desirable that they should swear, but because it is desirable that they should think that it does not matter whether they do or no.*

It is apparent from this statement, and other similar statements scattered through his writings, that Russell does not think that much of anything matters, at least in the realm of morals. Society organization, systems of property, programs of peace, rights to individual happiness and freedom—these matter tremendously to the noble Lord. But questions of right and wrong, even questions of good taste, seem to his mind to be matters of no importance whatsoever. We wonder why? If principles of social justice are of such tremendous moment, why not also standards of individual conduct? We find ourselves speculating as to how this injunction of Bertrand Russell, as applied to the ugly, vulgar, and pitiful habit of swearing, may work out in other cases. Suppose we extend the admonition in the true spirit of Russellian anarchy:

Children should not be forbidden to be dirty—not because it is desirable that they should be dirty, but because it is desirable that they should think that it does not matter whether they are or not.

Children should not be forbidden to fight—not because it is desirable that they should fight, but because it is desirable that they should think that it does not matter whether they do or not.

Children should not be forbidden to steal—not because it is desirable that they should steal, but because it is desirable that they should think that it does not mattter whether they do or not.

Personally, as we consider the question, we do not see why the problem of "forbidding" should be raised at all. There is such a thing as making abhorrent things impossible for children because parents and teachers never admit them into their lives. This is an attitude which makes things matter tremendously, and such things are outlawed by example.

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Arthur Brisbane is tremendously impressed with the fact, as he calls it, that the "slump" has not decreased church membership, but has actually "added to it." He reports that, "at the beginning of the year, churches in the United States had 50,037,200 enrolled members, a new record." Also that "while one-sixth of all the banks in the United States failed, only one church in 2,344 has closed its doors." Mr. Brisbane is innocent, and ignorant. He does not know the eternal life of a church member, not on the other side of the grave but on this side. He has not learned that, in many churches, every new-born child is forthwith a member. He has never studied the miracle of church statistics—the most elastic, expansive, and unreliable in the world. As for churches closing during this depression period, does Mr. Brisbane know when a church is ever registered as closed and definitely out of business? We have known churches which have held no services for years, and yet are still listed in the denominational records. We know "congregations" which have no minister, no church building, no meetings, and yet are "churches" as alive as any churches anywhere in the official annals. Churches die, but they are seldom recognized as dead. Churches close their doors and keep them closed, except perhaps for an occasional funeral; but there is always a lingering hope in the bosom of some oldest inhabitant, or some zealous denominational secretary, that the portals will swing wide again, and so these churches are still churches. Our own surprise is not that so few churches have died during the depression, but rather that so many churches as one in every 2,344 have actually been buried and their epitaphs inscribed. What we would like to see is a census of the churches which support ministers, conduct regular Sunday services, and do substantial religious work in the community. Our guess is that the number of such churches would be relatively so small as to shock the nation.

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## The Church and War Resistance

Well over half of all the people in the United States thirteen years of age or over are actual church members. If to these are added the children and others definitely affiliated with the church, although not actually members of it, there is good reason for believing that two-thirds of our entire population are adherents of some organized religious group, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. Moreover, in spite of much opinion to the contrary it is likely that organized religion has as much if not more influence today than it has had in our past history. It does make a difference what our churches say and do. There is good reason, therefore, we who believe that the greatest threat to the well being and very existence of mankind is war should seek to win the churches to our banner. If we can win the churches we can win America.

I would repeat that statement—if we can win the Church we can win America for in the past it is religion which has made war tolerable. It is one of the great tragedies of life that the greatest good may be

perverted into the foulest evil. And it is the tragedy of religion that down through the centuries it has been used by the crafty, the wicked and the ignorant to pull and push and drag men into war under the delusion that they were doing God service. It was religion which told the Moslem that his death in battle would procure him instant heaven. It was religion that through the centuries has set various groups of Christians killing each other fighting, as they believed, a Holy War. It was religion which in the Great War was used by every government to keep up the morale of its fighting men. We ridiculed the Germans because they talked of their good German God but the other nations used equivalent phrases. It is doubtful whether we can ever banish war from human life until we destroy its religious foundations. The ministers of religion must cease to bless war if lasting peace is to come.

But how are we to get our churches, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant to renounce war and the blessing of it? The answer to this question is not easy, for at least ninety percent of our church members see no inconsistency between war and religion. The fact that all, or nearly all, of our churches have chaplains in the various departments of the national war machine is evidence of this. There has been an alliance during all our national life between the war machine and the churches. This alliance is hallowed by tradition and blessed by the state. It is woven into the very life of the average American church member. To break up the alliance between the Church and the war machine is a most difficult task but it is not an impossible one. It can be accomplished in just one way and that is by education. Our churches must be made to see four great truths.

The first truth is this, that modern war does not achieve its goals. Wars are fought to obtain security but they do not obtain it. The Great War was fought to make the nations free of the menace of war but fifteen years after the victors are spending far more for armies and navies than they did when they began the struggle. As for the losers, they are now in the process of winning the power to rearm. War cannot destroy war. It cannot destroy militarism nor can it achieve security. It must be driven home to the conscience of the Church that religion's ideals of justice, righteousness and peace cannot be achieved by the sword. The evidence is on every hand. We must put that evidence before the Church.

The second great truth which must be driven home to the Churches of America is that modern war does not ennoble men. Quite the opposite—it degrades them. It sends them out into mud and slime. It loosens their worst passions. For the code of fairplay and kindness, laboriously built up during the centuries, it suddenly substitutes the old law of the jungle, the "utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not." Over night it becomes a virtue to deceive and the acme of good citizenship to murder. Surely our religious groups can be made to see that war denies all the idealism to which they are consecrated.

The third truth which the churches need to realize is their own, a truth they have so often proclaimed, that God alone is Lord of the conscience. No religion worthy of the name can ever permit itself to be made completely subservient to the state. The growth of the idea of the absolute state with its power to command the individual to murder his fellows when it gives the word is a menace to the supreme authority that religion must always claim for itself. The early Christians in Rome would not bow down before the image of the emperor and their successors cannot relinquish to the state the sole decision of right and wrong. Our churches if they are to preserve their souls must stand with all the firmness of St. Peter, himself, against the kind of doctrine enunciated in the MacIntosh case. They can never subscribe to the doctrine that to be a citizen of the United States a man must be willing to fight any war that Congress may declare.

Modern war does not achieve its declared goals of justice, peace, liberty and the like. It does not enoble men but rather drags them down to a lower moral level. It sets the state above the conscience. Our churches, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or whatever they may call themselves must be brought to a more complete realization of these basic truths. But this is not enough. We, who have been taught by reason and experience must above all else help the men and women of our churches to see the inevitable logic of their own position. That logic is as clear as the noon day sun. Both Judaism and Christianity find the heart of religion in the law of love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength . . ." and "thy neighbor as thyself," said the old law and Jesus reaffirmed that same basic principle. Moreover he made the test of discipleship in the words, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." In theory at least the faith of the Jew, the Catholic and the Protestant is an assertion of the basic nature and power of love. The true follower of any of these faiths is pledged to a life of love and good will.

Now the great responsibility resting upon out and out war resisters is to help our churches to see that their religion demands complete war resistance. War cannot be waged without hatred. No military man pretends that it can be. Nor will any sane man contend that the killing of our fellowmen by shrapnel, by fire, by bayonet, by gas and flame and by murderous air raids upon women and children and by the equally cruel process of starvation, are expressions of love. We cannot even by the wildest distortion of words describe such acts as brotherly or loving. We cannot even by a wild stretch of the imagination get a mental picture of Jesus as a soldier attacking his enemy with gas and bomb. This is why in the last analysis religious men and women who face the facts of modern war will increasingly repudiate the whole war system.

I thank God they are doing that very thing. From

every branch of the church the voices of leaders are being raised against all war. The number of religious pacifists has been growing with great rapidity since the close of the Great War. The *World Tomorrow* questionnaire a few years ago made that abundantly clear. More and more church pronouncements are being made against it. So many in fact that even our courts are taking judical notice and are excusing others besides Quakers from military drill. Religious folk of every denomination are becoming increasingly convinced that war and a religion of love can never be harmonized. In the years ahead they must and will repudiate war no matter for what alleged purpose it may be waged. They will say "war is hell and religious folks cannot go there."

This will mean trouble for them and for the state. It will mean persecution of every sort and kind. But when has persecution stopped vital religion? I believe the churches of America will yet say to the war lords of our land, to our generals and our admirals and all the imperialists allied with them, "You may fight your wars but you will fight them without benefit of clergy—or laity." In this attitude of unrelenting opposition to war we are being true to the Kellogg Pact, approved by our government, but deeper than that we are being true to the God of Hosea, of Isaiah and of Jesus. We will take our stand with those young men described in the book of Daniel who were asked to violate their religion and their conscience and worship the image of gold. Listen again to their reply:

> "O Nebuchadnezzar we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace and he will deliver us out of thine hand O king. But if not, be it known unto thee O King that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

There speaks the voice of true religion, the voice that today questions war, tomorrow will defy it, and eventually will destroy it.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

## Jottings

Japan has "declined to comment" on President Roosevelt's appeal for a treaty binding the nations against sending armed forces beyond their borders. We imagine Japan thinks her thousands of troops in northern China sufficient commentary.

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It seems to be fast getting to the point in this country where there is no crime except evading the income tax. Let a man be a first-class bootlegger or speakeasy proprietor, kill a woman or kidnap a child, rob a bank or forge a check—and he is promptly arrested and tried for not paying his income tax. Who says America can't enforce the law?

---

The silly use of new words to describe old things, and thus of language to conceal reality, still goes on. Thus, we are being taught not to speak of a "sales tax" any longer, but of a *"reemployment tax."* The young men now being sent out for reforestation work are not "bands," or "groups," or "regiments," or "corps," but *"cadres."* Who is this genius who thus invents these words? We would like to meet him, and ask him, Why!

---

On Morgan's list of "favorites" there appeared both the chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Is there anybody so simple as to think that this fact is without significance?

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The latest list of the greatest women of our times:

> Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony, George Eliot, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Harris Jones, Viera Ivanovia Zasulitch, Jane Addams, and Marie Curie.

Six of these names seem to us wisely chosen—Nightingale, Anthony, Eliot, Bernhardt, Addams, and Curie. As for the others, why not Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Mme. Breshkovskaia, or Helen Keller, or Emma Goldman, or Margaret Sanger?

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"Jottings," believing in the beneficence of vacations, herewith says farewell until the fall. The department will be resumed in the first issue in October.

J. H. H.

## Tenko Nishida and *Ittoen*

Part II

A visit to *Ittoen* took us up a hill whither the road led us. We passed here and there various little dwelling houses, each of which, I was told, was occupied by a happy family belonging to the community. All these families labored, without wages, for the guaranteed livelihood which all shared.

The ascent brought us to what seemed to be the focal center of the settlement, the *Kitōdo,* or "Prayer-Hall." Entering here we sat down together near the door in a sort of small reception room, with benches arranged about a central table. Mr. Nishida himself was away when we arrived, but his wife and son were there; also a number of faithful disciples whom I soon found to be keen, intelligent men. Time passed quickly in that society and soon dinner was announced, when it was a joy to share with them their simple meal of onions, bread and jam, and *gemmai,*—the unpolished rice,—which, I was glad to learn, formed the main part of their regular daily fare.

After dinner I took occasion to look about the unique building. The room where we had been sitting was really only large enough for four people to sit comfortably and talk or pray together with knees touching under the table. Here, I learned, it is their

habit to come, all of them in turn, for the enjoyment of the greatest privilege of the institution, a quiet half-hour of meditation and prayer. A schedule of hours is arranged so that all may have the opportunity.

The main room was above, open on three sides to the beauty of the forest and the heavens. This is large enough for them all to come and kneel together, as they do every morning, for their daily worship.

At one side of the room below, I was shown a hole just large enough for one man to creep into and crouch in prayer. This was the place that Tenko always reserved for himself, I was told. Also later, I learned of a little place outside the house just big enough for two to lie in, where, on occasion, Tenko himself is accustomed to crawl and sleep, with one arm thrown about the person of some poor despairing wretch whom he hoped thus to save to a life of usefulness by the warmth of his human sympathy.

His disciples are most interesting. One is a business man, keen, shrewd—evidently he has had his successes—but now he is here, learning, living, serving—a happy man. Another is a Korean, a man who was "down-and-out" when he came to the place, with nothing to live for, nothing but a despairing heart. Now he has everything that a man could wish—a home and friends to love him, the consciousness of a mission in life, and a heart at peace and full of gratitude. He has perhaps, however, not a cent in the world that he can call his own.

A third is a teacher, a man of rather unusual insight and lovableness of character. I must tell you rather much of him. He came to *Ittoen* several years ago, after a desperate struggle with himself. He was a teacher in our Congregational Night School then, a forward-looking Christian, one who wanted the best that life had to give. But he was not satisfied. At last he was transferred to another school, a government school in Nagasaki. He was a good teacher and his work was appreciated there. Finally, by chance as it were, he happened to come under the influence of Mr. Nishida's personality and teaching, with the result that the ideal completely captivated him and he was for joining the movement at once. But he was a married man, with a wife and children; could he abandon them for the salvation of his own little soul? Unthinkable for a Christian. But why not take the step together—all dedicated to the same ideal, throwing their all into the common fund—property, prospects and ambitions, and hope of future happiness—both for themselves and for their children, together? That is what they decided to do, and it was arranged. There was just one condition attached, that they be permitted to serve, as God might call them to serve—that and nothing else.

First of all they were given a house to live in—to make a home in—and they made it. Then, what of the question of a livelihood? That should be left absolutely to the guidance of the Inner Light. He could clean water-closets if it was made clear to him that that was his job, and he would, too, gladly. Or he would run a store, or teach school or dig ditches, or do research work—anything for God and humanity—and his wife was one with him in the decision. Self-renunciation first, they said, then service; service for others, anyone, without limit; but for self, nothing.

His first impulse, then, on entering the new life, was to keep on in his old work in Nagasaki, going back and forth every week. He tried it for a while, but finally he came to the conclusion that it was impossible, for he couldn't get the government to see the logic of his refusal to accept money as remuneration for his services in the school. So he had to look elsewhere for employment.

Fortunately the education that he had received at the Imperial University in Fukuoka, had developed in him a talent for research work; and in the meantime he had been feeling a growing interest in the condition of the old Catholic Christians in the region round about Nagasaki. He had already learned that, unknown to the world, there were still many thousands of them left, in spite of the fact that it was generally supposed that they and their ancestors had all been completely exterminated more than three hundred years ago. To study the history of these people had long been his desire, and so he came to the conclusion that perhaps he could serve the cause no better than to devote himself to this work. The way was opened for him by his receiving a fellowship from the University for just this work. As soon, therefore, as he received his first installment of money he started in, but first of all he put the entire sum into the common *Ittoen* fund with no other stipulation than that it was to be drawn on by him as he needed it, or by anyone else who might need it for the work he had in hand.

The story has been a long one but only by such personal illustrations is it possible to understand the spirit and the methods of the movement. The life, it will be seen, is one of thorough-going non-possession, trusting God for everything. It is a life of loving service, gladly done, with no thought of reward other than what we Christians would call the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. Not what one can get but what he can give, is the sole actuating motive.

In another place, somewhat removed from *Kosenrin*, I was told, though I did not see it, is the original *Ittoen* dormitory, now transformed into an elementary discipline school, so-called. About thirty men and twenty women are living here in strict conformity to *Ittoen* ideals, trusting themselves completely to the guidance of the Inner Light. I was interested in the method. One man is put in charge of the rest, though the responsibility is shifted from time to time, and to him are brought daily the requests from the outside world for service, in response to which he sends the men out hither and yon. Usually they return to the dormitory at night, but on occasion they remain away for days at a time, coming back only when the work for which they were called is completed.

Each according to his ability is the rule, nor is anyone forced to do what he does not want to do, nor is anyone detained in the institution longer than he cares to stay. As for expenses—travel, food, lodging, and the like—these are always paid for by those for whom the service is performed. That is taken for granted. All else received (and they are not averse to receiving freewill gifts) goes into the common fund.

Is there ever a lack of jobs, of opportunity to serve? Never, not for those who have dedicated themselves on the above terms. There are always three or four times as many requests as can be filled, I was told. At least it has been so ever since *Ittoen* has become at all known, and now no institution is more trusted or loved by those who know it.

"And what happens when sickness or old age creep on? Is there no occasion for anxiety them?" I asked. "There never has been yet," was the reply. "There are always loving hands within the institution to wait on the incapacitated, there are always doctors and other professional men outside who are always glad to *give their services* to *Ittoen* people, counting it a privilege to do so.

"But what of the ideal in relation to the cold, unappreciative world outside? Is it possible to apply the method and live the life outside of the sheltering walls of the institution?" That seemed to me the crucial question and I was interested in the reply. "Yes," they told me. "It is always possible for a man to stand by the roadside and pray, when there is nothing else for him to do. Or he can lie down in the gutter and die, if that is God's will for him. But when a man comes to that attitude of mind, we have always found, sooner or later the chance comes to lend a hand, somehow to someone, and with it there is always an answering response—a spontaneous impulse on the part of the one helped to help in return, and to share the last crust if need be."

There are two stores, I learned, one in Nagoya and one in Hiroshima, that are run entirely on *Ittoen* principles, and they are successful. Furthermore, there are individuals scattered everywhere throughout the world who are living the life.

"And how many are there of you in the world?" I asked. *"Ichinin ijo,"* was the laconic reply. "One and then some—at least." No one knows how many they are; no one cares. They don't count noses. They don't have application blanks or creed statements for the pledged to sign on the dotted line. They expect people to catch the spirit and live the life, and they are contented to leave it there. Suffice it to say, they get results.

And how is their faith kept alive and nourished? By worship—daily, incessant prayer-worship. There is the regular morning service at which generally the ritual is followed, a ritual combining elements of all faiths, for all faiths are represented here. Shaka's teaching of oneness with the divine, and Shinto's ideals of bodily and spiritual purity are combined with Jesus' principles of loving sacrificial service. Indeed, the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount are the core of the ritual, as they are also the foundation of the life that is lived here. And the Lord's prayer is ever going up to God from every true follower of *Ittoen.*

Everyone worships in accordance with the training he has received. If one is a Buddhist he worships as a Buddhist; if he is a Christian he worships as a Christian. But Buddhist and Shintoist and Christian sit side by side and worship together the one true light, each as he understands it and as it shines in upon his soul. The worship-form changes as the complexion of the institution changes. If Christians predominate at any one time the worship-ritual becomes more largely Christian; if Buddhists predominate it becomes Buddhistic in its flavor. But the reality behind the form varies not, for it is the *"One Light Garden."* The *Ittoen*-idea binds them together into one.

As one passes out through the door of the prayer-room to return again to the common world, and looks back, not without a suspicion of wistfulness, it must be confessed, a new and unaccustomed symbol, standing out on the door-post, meets his gaze. It is the cross and swastika intertwined, and completed by the superposition of the character for *light.* The cross that through the centuries has symbolized to the Western world the one great hope, joined with the swastika that from time immemorial has represented to the ancient, mystic East, all that is good and beautiful and true, and completed now by the Light—the one true Light—that lighteth every man.

Such is Tenko, the beloved saint, and such is the *Garden of the One Light.*

Is there anything in religion the world over that more truly embodies the essential teaching of religion that is love and trust than just this? If there is, let us seek it and give our lives to the realization of its vision.

C. B. Olds.

[Concluded]

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### Messianic Hill

I see my father on a Messianic Hill!
His golden beard is streaming in the sun;
In long kapota, standing straight and still,
He chants again: "The day is not yet done."
His life, his hope, his faith abolished fears.
In flesh I had not seen him twenty years or more,
When wrapped in Talith he moaned of Jewish tears;
When swaying he intoned the Talmud's lore.

What was there in his face and searching eyes?
Reflection of dreams, integrity, desire?
(Compassionate and humble—glow of skies?)
Above the Gothic roofs, a holy fire!
A shadowy, eternal, sacred flame
Burning forever in a golden frame!

What was the virile strength within his mind?
Does life produce the life of blood and brain?
The re-born truth that God, himself, designed,
Destroying hatred, war and death and pain?
My father creased in brow, dreamed of a world:
No trenches, fortresses—a quiet place
Wherein creative force shall be unfurled—
A Messianic land—love, peace and grace.

With golden beard, down-streaming in the sun,
He flings his robe and reaches to the sky.
Once more he chants: "The day is not yet done.
Eternal flame of right must never die.
You must be strong and break the prison bars
And raise the longing world into the stars."

Fania Kruger.

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### Morning Prayer

We thank thee, Life, for thy great gift of love
That lifts our human hearts from self above!

We feel our need, our deep unworthiness,
How little of true wisdom we possess.

That we may not from ways of truth depart
We pray to have an understanding heart!

Let us not pander to a selfish gain
Nor do the things that bring to others pain!

But may we cherish as our highest duty
The will to make this world a world of beauty!

May this our prayer find voice in our deeds,
In loving ministry to human needs!

May we keep ever foremost in our mind
The greatness of love's power to bless mankind!

Victor E. Southworth.

# In the Gold Mine of Marikuppam*

We were a party of four, three Scandinavians and one American. We left the hot depressing atmosphere of Madras to go to Bangalore which, being situated at a higher altitude in the State of Mysore, has a refreshing climate. The sea, in India, does not bring coolness, but dampness. Madras was in fact like a Turkish bath; all one's energy streamed away in perspiration.

When we had more or less come to ourselves in Mysore, the three Scandinavians went to Marikuppam in order to see the gold mine there, while the American, who had come to India to write on the political situation, stayed at Bangalore, as the study of the gold mine did not enter into his program.

This gold mine in Marikuppam was opened by and belongs to Englishmen. It is considered to be one of the best equipped mines in India, not only for its production but also for the conditions of employment. We went into the company's office, a fine building, and asked for permission to see the mine. An elderly, stout, goodnatured Englishman received us and readily gave us permission, though generally twenty-four hours' notice is required. A tall young English engineer was our guide underground.

Before we went down, the engineer showed us the cupboard with first-aid equipment. We then saw the man in charge of the cage. He was sitting high up on what looked like a look-out turret, and from there, when he received a signal, he opened the cage by electricity. The engineer said a few words to him, and the signal was given. The door of the cage was opened, we entered, the cage descended, and we watched the heavy beams of the shaft go by, a couple of yards between them.

"How many people does the cage hold?" I asked. "When the workmen go down, we take twenty at a time. But then the door is closed because it descends at the rate of a mile a minute, so that the beams of the shaft look like a solid wall." "May we see that wall?" The giant shook his head. He had given orders to go slowly. "You are not accustomed to it." "Do you also take the workmen slowly, when they go down for the first time." He looked at me with astonishment. Suddenly he smiled. The light blue eyes in the big Anglo-Saxon face became full of understanding. I had challenged him, and he had responded. He said nothing, but we understood each other. He was the first Englishman I met in India who, in his heart of hearts, admitted that a human being is a fellow creature, be he workman or master, brown or white.

We came out into a wide passage, or gallery, with rails in the middle, electric light and air, which, though much hotter than above in the tropical midday sun, was not in the least stuffy. We saw no workmen. Along the walls ran large pipes. "What is there in those pipes?" I asked. "Compressed air." "For ventilation?" "Yes, but also for power to drive the machinery for conveying the quartz to the cage." "May we see where people are working?"

After a long walk along the broad passage, it widened, and there we saw a group of workmen. A new gallery was to be opened and they were preparing to blast. There was nothing to be seen and we entered a narrower passage, where the only light was the lantern carried by a workman in front of us. Here the air was oppressive. There were no pipes, nor any other kind of ventilation.

"Here you see the boring of the hole in which the gelatine and dynamite will be put." Two men were at work. One held the drill with both hands, the other drove it into the hole with a heavy hammer. With the regular rhythm of a machine, he swung the hammer and brought it down on the drill. At every stroke the thin brown body of the other man twitched, and a sort of grey mud bespattered his legs, making them look as if they were of cement. The air was choking.

Further along there was a sloping tunnel connecting this gallery with another, two hundred feet lower down. It was a vein of gold that had been followed into the depths. Workers with picks were busy widening the opening. I peeped down the tunnel. At the other end, just in the opening, there was a lantern on the ground, and two men talking. They made a picture sharply circumscribed all 'round by the mouth of the tunnel. The light shining on the men from below made them look even thinner and taller than they were. It was as if I were looking through the wrong end of a telescope, infinitely remote, unreally small, like a miniature in a Rembrandtesque light.

Our gallery became narrower and lower. The air was stiflingly hot and stagnant. Evidently ventilation was considered unnecessary where the compressed air was not needed for transporting the rock. Furthest in, where the gallery came to an end, there were five or six workmen hewing their way into the rock. "But there are no props here," I said. "No time for them; they would have to be moved when the gallery is wide enough." "Does the roof never fall in?" "That is possible."

Suddenly the air, the walls, the ground, the lantern in the workman's hand, all quivered. A deafening noise filled the narrow passage. "That was the dynamite exploding in the hole you saw drilled. We had better hurry out." The workman with the lantern ran first, followed by the rest of us. In a moment everything disappeared in dust: the light, the man, the gallery. We could not even see each other. We passed the place of the explosion. It looked as if there had been an avalanche. A little way off stood the workman and the engineer who had superintended the blasting, barely visible in the cloud of dust. The engineer joined us and we all hurried away; but the workmen stayed behind and swallowed dust until it had settled.

"Take us right down," I asked our guide. "We have seen nothing," "I can't. Orders are, down to four thousand feet." "How deep is the mine?" "Eight thousand feet. That is to say about two and a half kilometers." "How hot is it further down?" "The maximum is 120° Fahrenheit." "Do you relay the workmen, so that no man has to spend all his life in the greatest heat and worst air?" "Yes, we do." "And how long is his life?" "I can't say. But the average length of life in India is twenty-six years, which gives quite a sufficient idea."

We had now seen all we were allowed to see underground, and we returned to the cage. Back from a depth of four thousand feet, we found ourselves streaming with perspiration and the tropical noonday air felt like an ice-cold shower. What can it have been like where the temperature was at about 120° F.

*In this article Mrs. H. describes a visit to a gold mine at Marikuppam in India, and gives details of exploitation, profits of the shareholders and wages of the workmen.—Editor.

and no ventilation yet provided? And what can it be like to shoot up from there at the rate of a mile a minute?

Our giant handed us over to a young girl, the daughter of the mines inspector, who drove us by car to her father's home. He was to show us the surface works. He had heard that we were all writers and suspected us of siding with the workmen, so he set about putting us right.

"I suppose you have heard that the English are brutes who do nothing for the people? But you ought to know what kind of people they are! The blacks of Africa, with their curly hair and white teeth, are far better than these. They are much more intelligent and teachable. These are dirty, immoral and ignorant."

"But why are they so ignorant? Surely they can be taught and educated." "Oh no, that is no use. We build school after school for them, but they can only learn by heart, without the least idea of what they learn. Nor do they become real Christians, only outwardly. Generations and generations are needed to make anything of them. They are like parrots who can only imitate and gabble." "But haven't the English been here nearly two hundred years?" "Yes, but did you see them before the English came?" "No, did *you?* And could they be worse than your present description?"

Now the inspector's wife tried to change the subject, but he had more to say. "They come here for jobs, having failed in their examinations. And when I say, but you failed, they answer, Yes, but we have learnt it all even if we did not pass. Oh no, they understand nothing."

His wife then asked us, where we were going next, and we mentioned Benares, Delhi, Agra, etc. "Yes," she complained, "we who live out here, we never see anything of all that." "But couldn't you make a trip there when you take your holiday?" She looked at us aghast. "On our holiday! No, you may be sure we have other things to do. We get six months every other year, and of course we are off as fast as possible to Bombay and the first steamer home, so as not to miss a single day in England."

The inspector then made a move, and we drove to the crushing and stamping mills. An enormous building with noise pouring out of every opening like a continuous uninterrupted explosion! Long before we reached the building, the belt of sound surrounding it made conversation impossible. Besides, explanations were superfluous. The whole thing was a machine built by human hands to tear the grain of gold from the rock. One ton of rock must be brought from the depth of the earth to yield one pennyworth of gold, two hundred and forty tons for a pound.

The first we saw was a row of boys bending over a band-conveyer carrying large lumps of rock. They had to sort out the lumps that did not seem worth crushing. The rest went into the machine standing barely a dozen yards distant. In the midst of this uproar, these eleven to twelve year old children stood for at least eight hours in the day, staring at the passing stones. The machine swallowed the lumps, chewed them, crushed them in its iron jaws and spat them out in the form of gravel. This was later conveyed to the stamping mill, where an enormous hammer moved up and down and brutally destroyed all the shape that recalled their rocky origin. In the form of grey mud, the material ran through large pipes and many openings into the washing room.

Here again there were boys, but they were spared the noise. Each boy had a tank to mind. The sludge poured out of the opening and down over a sort of mat, which caught the solid particles, including the gold, while the rest flowed on. The boys changed the mats and cleaned them in a large reservoir, where the gold sank to the bottom, when the water had run off. The thin brownskinned boys ran like squirrels between their own little tank and the big reservoir.

"How old are they?" I asked a foreman, with a nasty face. "Oh, about eleven or twelve. The younger the better," he added grinning. The mines inspector did not show us the workmen's quarters, which were situated at a short distance from the factory. Probably they were the same as everywhere else: a square room quite bare except for a few sleeping mats and an entrance door.

During the fifty years the Marikuppam gold mine has been worked, it has paid the shareholders their capital back seventeen times over, which corresponds to an average dividend of 33% a year. Besides that, a duty of 1,000,000 pounds a year is paid to the Maharajah of Mysore, and in 1889 a bonus of 50% was paid on the capital then invested in the mine. So in spite of the "dirty, immoral and ignorant" workmen, the gold mine of Marikuppam is quite a good affair.

The number of hands employed is eighteen thousand, including the boys. I asked at the office, what the lowest wage was, and the good-natured Englishman replied: "Eight Annas a day for eight hours. The average wage is fifteen Annas. And the Marikuppam mine can be proud of itself. Other places are much worse."

The Whitley Report of the "Royal Board of Inquiry on the State of Workmen in India" has quite another tale to tell. In the salt mines of the Punjab the highest wages, for instance, are fifty shillings a month. In the coal mines they work for thirty shillings. Unskilled workmen earn a shilling a day down in the collieries. Women get still less. In smaller factories, where no machines are used and where there is no supervision, boys work from ten to twelve hours a day (right down to the age of five) with no regular hours for meals and without the weekly day of rest. The smallest of them get two pence a day. Most of these children's parents owe money to their employers and are therefore not in the position to protect their children. "There is reason to believe," says the report, "that they even undergo bodily punishment."

In the textile factories and wool-cleansing establishments, the conditions are frightful. In the Punjab, for instance, women and eight-year old children sit on the bare ground in open courtyards, where the loosely piled wool is placed. Mud and clotted blood are beaten out of it by hand or with an iron rod. There is no grating through which the dirt may fall. Everybody and everything is soon covered with a coating of powdered filth and wool-fluff. On the ground, by their mother's side, the infants lie and sleep on heaps of wool with their faces and whole bodies covered with the filthy, infected dust.

In the cigarette factories, where the natives' cigarettes are made, women and children sit from ten to twelve hours a day, packed so tightly together that

one cannot get in among them. In the room, or rather box, there is no window or ventilation.

The Whitley Report scandalized people very much in England when it was published in 1931. MacDonald's paper, the *Daily Herald,* wrote:

No Englishman can read it without feeling ashamed that such conditions not only exist, but have come into being under English rule. . . . These millions live their lives on the border-line of starvation. The worst English slums are palaces compared to the sheds and huts in which they live. They have no idea of what convenience, cleanliness or decency mean. And they represent the major part of the inhabitants within the British Empire!

The *Times* wept also, but dry-eyed.

During the present economical straits we can hardly afford great plans for welfare. But laws cost nothing and with their help one might limit usury and greed.

It is true that some legislation costs nothing, but that is not the kind of legislation to help the three hundred and fifty million Indian natives who never get enough to eat. If a law is to protect a people, the people must know of it. But the people of India know no written laws and cannot read or write. Helpless victims of all kinds of exploitation, the workers come to the factories from the countryside. They have no idea what rights they have or what they can refuse to tolerate. The only laws they know are those passed on from father to son. One of these binds the son to pay his father's debts. The sons of India come indebted into the world, and most of them leave it before the debt is paid.

In the whole of India, in the Marikuppam mine, in industry and in agriculture, everywhere, it is clear how the exploitation of the people depends on their ignorance. After one hundred and fifty years of British rule 92% of the people of India are still illiterate.—H.

## The Study Table

### A Tragic Idyl

This book* is beautifully done. Zona Gale is reaching the full maturity of her great art, and proving herself one of the true literary masters of her time and place. The economy of this story is amazing—a full-rounded tragedy of two generations told in 150 pages! The style is of the essence of sheer loveliness—a landscape and its people bathed in the fragrance and light of beauty. Plot and character unfold with the precision of a craftsmanship which is sure of every movement. The labor on this book must have been enormous—no such easy control and use of material comes without great effort! But the reward, for author and reader alike, is a sense of that finished and perfected art which is the work of genius.

The tale is placed in Miss Gale's own home—Portage, Wisconsin. She knows the scene, and loves it. Her familiarity with street and river, houses and gardens, flows over into the people who populate the pages and must have sprung from something of her own experience. The actual characters of the drama are few—an old man, sprung from the French ancestry which came early into this western country; his two daughters, Dolly and Linny; the two young men who love these girls; and the sturdy engineer, Bellock, from Chicago, whose presence precipitates the crisis of the tale. The home on the bluff jutting into the river, the island where Papa La Fleur keeps his bees and Bellock wants to erect his steel tower for the power company, the river itself rising in stormy and sweeping flood—these are impersonal elements of the story which in the end exercise a more fateful influence than the humans. The events are few, and compass only a few days. They concern the drawing apart of two generations—the widowed father clinging to his offspring and seeking their identification with himself and his little world, and the two daughters hearing the call and yearning for the independence of the wider world. There is no cruelty, or even selfishness, in the old man; there is no real rebellion in his children. But the tragedy is none the less poignant, and moves inevitably to its Greek-like *denouement* of Papa La Fleur going to his death in the surging stream.

Careful readers of Zona Gale's writings will note that this book represents something of a change from her later work. There is romance here to take the place of harsh realism. There is an almost complete absence, also, of that peculiar mysticism which has beclouded certain of the author's recent stories. We welcome this change. It is Miss Gale's lovely spirit mastering the grim realities of life and transmitting them into that beauty which is itself the highest reality. And if there is frustration still, and defeat and disillusion, and much sorrow and deep regret, these all combine at last to dignify rather than degrade the lives of men. And the old sweet ways assert themselves. In the end the heroine is "one more in that procession, old and long," which finds love and conquers death.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

*"Papa La Fleur," by Zona Gale. Published by Appleton, New York. $1.50.

### New Individualism for Old†

Has individualism failed? If by that we mean the creed and gospel of big business and their kept political parties, the faith by Hoover named "rugged," the answer must be an unqualified yes—or better, there is no need of an answer. Behind the diaphanous falseface of courage, initiative, self-reliance, glorified by two generations of self-seeking politicians, many of us have long since descried the sinister features of what Cleveland called "the communism of pelf." There has been no individualism. The term has been used brazonly as an alias for a system and technique of spoliation no less ruthless than the eviction of the English yoemen and the sack of the monasteries under the Tudors.

With American workers reduced to pauperism and peonage, their masters standing in gibbering impotence before the results of their limitless greed and bottomless stupidity, our people are seen rallying to strange and alien standards—Communism, Fascism, religious absolutism, the organic state—old foes with a new face, promising everything at the small cost of obeisance, suffrage and worship—the abdication of the human spirit. The sophisms of these super-salesmen of terrestrial salvation are punctured in exactly the right place. To the age-old fallacy of force and fraud, the claim that the end justifies the means, the answer is that the means at length becomes identical with the end, that

†"Individualism—An American Way of Life," by Horace M. Kallen. Liveright, New York. $2.00.

nothing of an enduring value can be built up on an ideaology of suppression and subjugation, that the human spirit must be forever free, that the alternative to such freedom is decadence and death. The organic state is shown to be no more than a facade shielding the lords of society while they drink the wassail bowl, eat the fatted calf and send their vassals to the slaughter. The "socialization" of the individual, theme upon which libraries have been written, is brought under close scrutiny. What is meant by socialization? Is the individual to be absorbed in the social mechanism like a machine? Is he to be nationalized like the chattels of the kulak, to become no more than a human chattel to the masters of the state? Let the revolutionist and the reformer alike beware! The individual is, was and shall be one and indefeasible, a fact which Fascist and Theocrat, Socialist and Communist disregard at their peril. The recalcitrance and intransigeance of America will shatter the nicest plan that reckons not with its being.

Must we then surrender to fate and chance, trusting to Lady Luck that somehow we shall recapture the individual's right to a free and creative life? No! And here we come to the nub of the argument—to an understanding of what individualism in fact is, to a consideration of the medium in which it will come to fruition. The hog-all, rule-or-ruin acquisitiveness of the now closing epoch has become the begging, whining failure of today, and is *prima facie* ruled out. Individualism is not wealth-getting. It is fulfilment; it is the flow of creative energy; it is the growth of the human personality to man's estate and its expression in the creation of the useful and the artistic; it is self-containment, the ownership of the self; it is freedom, fellowship and fraternity. Finally it is the flowering of the instinct of workmanship.

The metier of this individualism is to be found, not in property and acquisition, but in co-operation, in collectivism, in the framework of equal rights, privileges and responsibilities. This is the spark of being which says, Before Abraham was am I.

So runs the argument. Most of it is excellent. Dr. Kallen's attitude towards the Soviets is one of critical friendliness. There is here no mistake of confusing the Russian program with the Italian. He seems to give too little weight to the proposition that a people possessing genuine economic freedom cannot be long oppressed in other departments of life. By that test it is probable that Russian Communism will finally fail or triumph.

As a mapper-out of programs Dr. Kallen is perhaps unsatisfactory. But that is of small moment. Let but the water be charted—the emergency will not long leave the helm and chart-house unmanned. What is important is that he has thrown a vexed question into a new perspective and illumined it with a strong light. NICHOLAS LENTZ.

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### A Study of Religion

One is tempted at the very outset to disagree with the title of this book,* when one recalls what Carlyle said about religion, namely, that religion is the best part of a man. And so one feels it would have been more truly to the point to have named the book, The Religious Background of all Cultures. Did not all art and handcraft find its origin in religion? Did not sculpture and painting have its origin in idol-making, architecture in temple-building, poetry in prayer-writing, music in psalm-singing, drama in legend-telling, dancing in seasonal worship of the gods, agriculture and animal domestication in the sacrificial propitiation of the gods? Indeed, civilization began with religion, and one may well prophesy that it will end should religion cease.

But these things apart, here in this splendid source book we have the partial story of "This Believing World." Even though the authors state their reasons for certain omissions, one cannot help wondering why for example in such an ambitious work they have left out the story of Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism and the religion of Egypt with its great Ikhnaton. These religions are sufficiently different to warrant a recognition of the contribution they have made to the cultural life of those peoples which they moulded and influenced.

One cannot help wondering why nearly half of the book (232 pages out of 496) have been devoted to the story of Christianity. This seems to be an altogether disproportionate amount of consideration for only one of the world's religions. Nearly all of the sects and insects within protestantism are given some attention, both as to origin and content of teachings. Just how much some of these mere segments within American Christianity have added anything to world culture is a question that needs little consideration. All this smatters too much of an American complex!

No attempt is made at appraisal or criticism of the various religions. This is much to the credit of the book. It tells the story of each religion (with the exception of those aforementioned) and then allows the reader to make his own estimate of its cultural worth. To that extent it is written with St. Paul's injunction—"prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." One wishes that the authors had devoted a little more than six and a half pages to the psychological forces that gave birth to the phenomena of religion. Perhaps it would then have been an easy matter for the reader to understand just why certain beliefs and ceremonies became current.

So much for a negative consideration of the book. Taken as a whole, it is compact enough to interest the attention of any one who wishes to get a kind of bird's eye view of the story of religion. Both its 201 pages of splendid illustrations and its valuable, almost exhaustive, bibliography, are invaluable; the latter offering the person who is intrigued by the story ample opportunity to pursue any one of the subjects discussed.

A word must be said of the co-authors who have brought the wealth of their scholarship to the splendid task. Prof. Freise is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia, having been a fellow at Heidelberg University where he did some excellent work on the theology of the great Schleimacher. Prof. Schneider is professor of religion in the department of philosophy at Columbia, and has made a number of valuable contributions to the field of philosophy, among them "The Puritan Mind," "Making the Fascist State," and "The Bibliography of John Dewey." These facts argue well for the quality of the book.

Despite the criticisms made of the book, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a most valuable text

*"Religion in Various Cultures," by Horace L. Friese and Herbert W. Schneider. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.50.

in a course of cultural anthropology. It will help to create that *Weltanschauung* which is so essential in producing a sympathetic understanding of that eternal hunger in the hearts of all men of every race, age, color and creed.

W. Waldemar W. Argow.

# Trumpets on New Horizons

### Quatrain

My old God loved like a miser,
And hated as men might hate.
My new God is better and wiser,
And patient and poised and great.

James Larkin Pearson.

### Catastrophe

Within my room the hours are warm
And drowsy, drenched with amber tide.
Strong walls defend me from the storm
And ruthlessness that rules outside.
But walls that scatter wind and sleet
Are helpless to retard the tread
Of weary, shuffling, aimless feet,
That host of men whose hopes are dead.

That host of men, grown lean not only
From body-need but chill despairing.
(*Least tortured he who is most lonely!*)
A host of beaten men, all sharing
One hunger, borne with no more grace
For being but a commonplace.

I see them; he, whose course stung him
To offer all he had for giving,
Who quails before the challenge flung him
With time so short, so short for living;
The youth who while he dares blaspheme,
Must shut his teeth against a dream;

The proud man, shunning other faces
Who furtively must stoop and shiver,
Who seeks the still and darkened places
To find it darkest by the river;
The pallid, weakly tragic one
Whose wasting illness craves the sun.

A ghastly army—*this*, and yet
It shares with me the stoic night
While I for it, a brother's debt
Must yield the joy of heat and light,
Must let my quiet, drowsy room
Be worried by its muffled tread
And share with it its hollow tomb,
For—*do men live when hope is dead?*

Madeline Mulvey.

### The Road Back

This road must be laid through a forest of fears,
Of ignorance, hate and tears;
Its course must be cut by the chart of a dream,
By scientists, yeomen, and seers
Who have faith in an untried scheme.

The road leads out from hopes that are dead;
And it comes to the highway far ahead
Of the fork where the old detour
The heedless crowd of followers led
Down from the friendly moor;

Down from the moor to the wild morass,
That desolate bog which few could pass;
It tricked the brave; it gripped the weak;
It sucked them in and held them en masse
Drained of life and the power to speak.

They cannot come back, those millions of men,
Whose lives were sold with the stroke of a pen;
They gave themselves for a cause supreme!
Shall we remember, if war comes again,
That things are seldom what they seem?

We cannot go back; nor can we stay;
Through the wreckage of time we must find a way
That leads to honor and fortune for all;
By the light of faith we will seek it each day,
As shoulder to shoulder we stand or we fall.

Anne Reiley Nesom.

### Heroes of Monotony

Among the lifted banners, see, he comes
While crowds acclaim him and the sound of drums
Beats out a sure applause. With borrowed trappings
And wreaths of garlanded flowers he is bound.
Still there is one for whom there is no sound
Of cheering and a drummer's ceaseless tappings.

One hero walks his way alone, his head
Bowed down with the weight of years. The ancient dead
Might rise again to give him worthy praise
As he walks down the dull, unnoticed ways.
No medals his to indicate renown;
Nor monument erected by the town.

He wins no wars, and no affairs of state
Involve him to acclaim his courage great.
The dull routine of work and "every day"
Are the slow battles he must fight, or see
Himself bent down. O let him go his way,
The unknown hero of monotony!

Raymond Kresensky.

# Correspondence

### "Al" Smith and the K. K. K.

Editor of Unity:

It seems to me that in commenting upon the Hitler regime in Germany in an editorial in the June 5 issue of Unity, you have gone beyond the bounds of impartial reasoning. It is noted that when referring to our own shortcomings you mention the Ku Klux Klan as opposed to the candidacy of Al Smith in the 1928 presidential campaign, but you omit mention of the part taken by Roman Catholics in voting solidly for Smith purely because of his religion.

The Ku Klux Klan is understood to be and undoubtedly is, committed to the preservation of our free American institutions against papal aggression. Its purpose is patriotic, in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic idea of "making America Catholic." The persecutions connected with the bloody history of the Roman Church would seem to justify the existence of the Klan and all similar Protestant organizations. This is not intolerance; it is self-preservation.

So far as the candidacy of Smith is concerned, it served the purpose of making clear to the American people Rome's effort to elect a candidate purely on religious grounds. The solid Romish vote for Smith, in 1928, should be an object lesson that all clear-sighted Americans will not forget.

Much more could be said on this subject, but the one thing that should impress you, I believe, is the importance of presenting both sides, where the relation of Protestantism to Romanism is involved.

*Washington, D. C.* William H. Price.

### The Minimum Wage

Editor of Unity:

Certain high officials of the American Federation of Labor have opposed the Administration's projected minimum wage law. Their contention is that the minimum wage is likely to become the maximum wage, and that a better safeguard against low wages is the organization of all labor into unions. The argument would have a stronger

appeal if the Federation had made any headway in recent years in extending its organization. Instead, it has been losing ground from internal dissensions and other causes. There is little promise of aid from this quarter.

A minimum wage act for the District of Columbia was set aside by the Supreme Court some ten years ago; but the court suggested a form of law that might be favorably considered. The Administration's proposed law has been framed in line with the court's suggestion. It does not attempt to set up a general minimum wage, but would establish wage boards in certain industries where wage-cutting has reduced workers to a standard of living that endangers health and morals. The law proposes to fix a wage that is commensurate with the value of the services rendered; and it was a law of this character that the court suggested would meet its approval.

The need of this protection for the worker has become too obvious to require argument. In a number of the eastern States sweatshop unhealthy conditions have spread at an alarming rate. In numerous establishments, especially in the clothing industry, wages ranging from $2 to $5 per week are being paid, with no promise that the situation will correct itself in the near future; for under the pressure of twelve million unemployed, workers cannot be discriminating about wages.

It is not remarkable that wage regulation is gaining favor among employers of the better sort. Firms that would gladly pay better wages have been compelled to follow the practice of unscrupulous competitors in wage-cutting—or go out of business. Thus the upright employer has been nearly as helpless as the employee. Both are coming to see that a minimum wage would contribute to the stability of industry.

Some years ago a standard minimum wage law framed on the same lines as the Administration measure was proposed for the states. Six states, including Massachusetts, Wisconsin and California now have wage laws that are being actively enforced; and New York also has recently passed an act similar to the others. Colorado and South Dakota have minimum wage laws, but with no provision for enforcement. The Massachusetts act likewise provides no penalty, but publicity there has secured enforcement.

The proposed national minimum wage act is therefore no innovation. It is needed, among other reasons, to protect those states that have the minimum wage from unfair outside competition. It also includes protection for men workers, whereas the standard state law was designed only for the protection of women and children. There seems no good reason for this discrimination.

The importance of the minimum wage and of the proposal for restriction of work hours has been obscured by other Administration measures. But in normal times as well as now these two policies if faithfully carried through should contribute powerfully and directly to the economic security of the individual. They are policies which should prove to be of vital importance when many other issues that are now being hotly discussed are forgotten.

F. S. KINDER.

## The Field

(*Continued from page* 262)

they leave the printers. Thus Einstein's first declaration for war resistance sent by him to *"Die Wahrheit,"* a German monthly of Prague, was confiscated and instead of it the paper had to appear with a blank space.

Anti-militarism however existed in our country even before the war. It was of two kinds:

The one was organized as a political movement and arose solely out of opposition against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It had its martyrs, but their grounds for opposition were only nationalistic ones. During the war the adherents of this movement went over to the "enemy" in tens of thousands and served as the foundation for the Czech Legions fighting against Austria, Hungary and Germany under the spiritual leadership of Masaryk and Beneš.

The second was a spontaneous, unorganized and purely religious movement. Before the war it consisted only of a very few pioneers. One of them, a smith's journeyman from Alšovic, who had not followed the call to the army in spring 1914 was acquitted by the military court because he appealed to God's commandment "Thou shalt not kill!" He was sent home with the direction not to persuade anyone to apply the law of God. (Our "democratic" institutions are not so merciful). But he did not obey and after the outbreak of the war many followed the example of these pioneers. Some died for their convictions. Most of them, however, survived the war after many sufferings in prisons and lunatic asylums. In the North-eastern part of Bohemia and in some corners of Moravia there are some villages in which all the men called up for war service resisted.

Today unfortunately the nationalistic wave rules even in the religious convictions of these people over and above their radical Christian attitude of non-violence.

There are, however, still isolated cases of war resisters, refusing even military service in peace time. They are mostly uneducated people, of deep religious conviction though they do not belong to any religious denomination. The teachings of spiritism together with those of Tolstoy are the decisive factors in their lives—The *War Resister* has reported on them as they got to be known. They had to pay for their absolute peace-convictions by many months' hard imprisonment, after that were called to the army again, and again sentenced if they persisted—sometimes to even longer penalties. Dr. Heinrich Groag, advocate at Brno, has defended all those he heard of with great devotion and sometimes succeeded in obtaining a reduction of the term of imprisonment.

But there are many more war resisters of whom we never hear, as the authorities try to keep the cases secret in order to prevent their example making propaganda.

An attempt to unite them all some years ago was broken by the intervention of the police who confiscated all the material relating to them. Support of or only expressions of sympathy for them are causes of prosecution. One of my own sentences to three months' imprisonment was conferred on me for writing to a war resister in prison and wishing him "good health, strength and God's grace." I was, however, fortunate in not having to expiate it.

So the position of war resisters in many ways, similar to that of war resisters in France, is harder still because no action may be openly organized on their behalf. Under these conditions it would be irresponsible to incite young men to refuse military service; the hardships involved are so great that only men of very strong character can overcome them, such as obey an inner call. That is the case of the Czecho-Slovakian war resisters. Most of them have refused military service without any knowledge that others have taken the same stand. They know little of the organized world movement, yet by the intensity of their convictions they are part of the very pillars of it.

At the moment of writing we know of one war resister, sitting in the divisional prison at Alomouc. It is Alfons Kubala, the youngest brother of Rudolf and Valentin Kubala, two miners who have both also sat long terms in prison for refusal of military service. Alfons Kubala was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, not counting the two months of arrest preceding the final verdict. His situation is made worse by the fact that he does not get sufficient food to make up for the meat or fat that he, as a vegetarian, refuses.

Though war resisters cannot be organized and appear as isolated cases, news of them is beginning to spread and sympathies for them are slowly growing especially among Czech protestant youth. The "Evangelical Church of Bohemian (Moravian) brethren" at its last Synod in December repeated the demand for alternative civil service for those who refuse military service on religious or ethical grounds.

But in general, care for the defense of the State prevails over any human considerations. It is still very necessary in our peace-propaganda to show the fallacy of military defense and the necessity of eliminating the deep causes of war—unsatisfactory treatment of minorities and unjust social conditions—thus working for the only efficacious defense. I have tried to do so in my Czech booklet on "Pacifism and National Defense" in which I refute all the "buts" of our numerous "but-pacifists."

Mrs. A. Schuster, belonging to the Czech section of the W. I. L., declared publicly after having listened to a military speaker pleading in a large "peace" meeting for the "defense of women and children": "I refuse to be defended by such barbarous methods."

It will be surprising to English readers that even our Socialists—without exceptions, as we unfortunately have no I. L. P.—still believe in the army. It is true that they oppose the militarists and have lately helped to lower the time of military service from 18 to 14 months, but they do not want total disarmament and would send their people in a "war of defense" just as in 1914.

This was evident again during recent weeks when the socialist press joined in the chorus of the other papers rejoicing over our having become "the second great power on the continent" through the consolidation of our alliance with Jugo-Slavia and Roumania. I consider this step as a fatal error not only for the future of our country but also for world peace, for the "Little Entente" is not bound together by constructive forces. In spite of all peaceful declarations it has a strategical background: the formation of a strong united line of defense against the common enemy Hungary. But besides this, Jugo-Slavia has strained relations with Italy, Roumania and Russia. The alliance has enriched us of those two mighty opponents. Instead of giving more security it increases our chances of getting drawn into war-adventures. It is clear that Italy will now try to strengthen its position in Albania and Bulgaria so that the rivalries will be increased. As a basis of economic cooperation the "Little Entente" is of no value, for the Czech farmers fear the competition of agricultural countries, as our new allies will not open the tax-walls for their land-products and thus also render impossible the export of our industrial ones.

From my pacifist point of view I would consider it as a better way to try and create friendly contacts and cooperation with our nearest neighbors and the hostile states, even at the price of concessions. Masaryk and Benes are doing it to some extent, but they paralyze the good results of their own efforts by simultaneous contrary measures arising out of the ruinous Geneva policies of "safety first."

As to the Communists, they hold large anti-war meetings, but as their rejection of war is not absolute either, the effect of their propaganda is a political and not a pacifist one.

Under present conditions the best possibilities for peace work in Czecho-Slovakia lie in general education of the people. The population is a mixed one. Out of a total number of 14.5 millions there are 7.3 millions Czechs, 2.4 millions of Slovaks, 3.2 millions of Germans, 710,000 Hungarians and some other smaller minorities, all subjects of the Czecho-Slovakian State. All these nationalities living inside one State are like strangers to each other, politically often enemies. A spirit of understanding and friendship among them would be the best guarantee for peaceful relations with other countries. This Heinrich Tutsch had realized when he began to organize a service of holiday exchanges between German and Czech schoolchildren. The response was unexpected, for where nationalities live so near together the knowledge of the other's language is a great asset. Most parents realize it. But Heinrich Tutsch, as secretary of the Czecho-Slovakian F. O. R., was first of all concerned with the moral benefit to be obtained by the children's sojourn in a family and place of another nationality. He was not deceived. After the holidays he got many satisfactory answers as follows: "The unpleasant German-strangers became as dear to me as every Czech" or a German writing of Czechs: "My son saw the people at their work and lost many false views." Heinrich Tutsch's death in December, 1931, was a great loss to the Czecho-Slovakian peace-movement; though his name was not much heard of, he quietly accomplished great work. His wife is now carrying on what he had so thoroughly prepared. The work has grown to such an extent that it is now a separate institution under the name of "International Youth Service." In 1931 3,500 offers and demands went through its office. In 1932 there were 4,200.

Lately our F. O. R. has fostered another section of general peace work: a Peace Press Service sent out regularly by devoted voluntary workers. It promises to develop and counteract the effect of irresponsible journalism.

There exists a Czecho-Slovakian Federation of Peace movement and other cultural organizations. It is not a fertile ground for absolute pacifism, as many governmental "pacifists" belong to it; but it has done some good work. At present it is organizing action for the revision of schoolbooks in a spirit of reconciliation.

Thus all our peace-work is more or less an endeavor to change the people's attitude of mind. It is very slow work, yet the only one that has any chance of success in our country. The sufferings which the whole world will inevitably still have to endure will, I think, help us in this task and again awaken among my people the spirit of Peter Chelcicky, the Czech pioneer of non-violence and spiritual father of the Bohemian-Moravian Brotherhood.

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## World Fellowship of Faiths

The opening meeting of the series planned to be held in Chicago from June to November took place on Sunday, June 18th, Miss Jane Addams, Honorary President, presiding. Stirring addresses were made by Patrick Henry Callahan of Louisville, Rabbi William H. Fineshriber of Philadelphia, Dr. Frederick J. Libby, of Washington, D. C., and Maud Ballington Booth, of New York.

The next important session will be held in the Chicago Temple, Friday, June 30th, at 7:30 P. M.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, Editor-in-Chief of UNITY, will speak on "World Chaos and the Way Out."

Rabbi Edward L. Israel of Baltimore and Stephen P. Duggan, Director Institute of International Education, New York, will also make addresses.

Do not fail to make a note of this and also, that

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